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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVII. CHICAGO, AUGUST 8, 1901. NUMBER 23

## Class Readings In The Bible

### From the Standpoint of the Higher Criticism

By

Walter L. Sheldon.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

# TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

## ...FOR 1901...

## JULY 14—AUGUST 18.

### TWELFTH SEASON.

OUR AIM.—A school of rest. Recreation is not indolence, mental vacuity is not conducive to physical reconstruction. "Rest is not quitting the busy career,
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere."

OUR METHODS.—No dress parade, no "social functions," as little haste and excitement as possible, early retirement, long sleeps, quiet reading of high books, intimacy with nature studied at short range, frank companionship in the realm of mind, temple uses of God's great cathedral, the holy out-of-doors.

OUR PROGRAM.—1. *Forenoons*, 10 a. m. *First Week.* Mr. Jones, Leader. A Search for the Classics in American Poetry, with side studies of recent anthologies, viz.: 1. Dialect. 2. Patriotic. 3. War. 4. Lincoln in Poetry. 5. Ballads and Lyrics. *Second Week.* Mr. Jones, Leader. Normal Class Work for Sunday School Teachers and Parents, an introduction to the New Testament, a map and blackboard study of the literary units arranged in their probable chronological order. *Third Week.* Miss Anne B. Mitchell, Leader. "A Study of the Nibelungen Lied in connection with a Musical and Literary Study of Wagner's Nibelungen Ring, illustrated with lantern and musical interpretations." *Fourth Week*, Mr. Jones, Leader. John Ruskin as a Sociological Prophet. *Fifth Week.* Mr. Jones, Leader. The Master Bards: Browning's "Paracelsus," with side studies in Emerson and Whitman.

II. *Afternoons.* Free and easy work in science, keeping as close as possible to local zoology, botany and geology. Professor L. S. Cheney, of the University of Wisconsin, "Trees and Flowers," Aug. 11-18; Professor W. S. Marshall, of the U. of W., "Insect Life;" Professor O. G. Libby and Chester Jones, "Birds;" Professor E. C. Perisho, "Local Geology;" Hon. R. L. Joiner, Forest Stories.

III. *Evenings*, three nights in the week, lectures, generally with stereopticon illustrations. The following already arranged for: C. N. Brown, Esq., of Madison, "The Boers;" Miss Hunt, of the U. of W., "Life in South Africa;" Dr. Libby has four dozen new bird slides; Mrs. George H. Kemp, Dodgeville, Wis., "The Ragged Schools of London. From Personal Observation." Mr. Jones will lecture on Lincoln and Tolstoy (illustrated).

IV. *Sundays.* Three double meetings, forenoon and afternoon. Basket dinners on alternate Sundays. July 14, Inauguration Day of the Summer School, educational and collegiate. July 28, Teachers' Day: "The Intellectual Inspirations of the Teacher," Miss Ellen C. Lloyd Jones, Hillside Home School; "The Moral Inspirations of the Teacher," Miss Cordelia Kirkland, of Chicago; Mrs. S. E. J. Sawyer, of Creston, Iowa, and others. August 11, The Annual Helena Valley Grove Meeting. A Congress of religion. Dr. E. G. Hirsch, of Chicago, is expected to give the afternoon sermon. Aug. 18, closing exercises of the Summer School. Afternoon sermon by Mr. Jones. On alternating Sundays Mr. Jones will give as Vesper Readings, Browning's "Saul," July 21, and Kipling's "McAndrew's Hymn," Aug. 4.

BUSINESS.—Registration: Fee, admitting the holder to all the classes and lectures during the five weeks, $5; family registration ticket, admitting all members of one family to the same, $7; evening lecture tickets to those not holding registration tickets, $1 for the season. As this is essentially a SCHOOL and not a SUMMER ENCAMPMENT its constituency is necessarily limited. Its value largely depends on continuous attendance and sustained interest. It is hoped that all who intend to profit by these studies will come prepared to stay through to avoid the fever and hurry that too often accompany the vacation guest. No reductions on above rates are arranged for, though reasonable adjustments are always possible. For prices for board, cottage rents, etc., see below.

OFFICERS.—President, Prof. O. G. Libby, Madison, Wis.; vice president, Thomas R. Lloyd Jones, Hartford, Wis.; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Annie L. Kelly, 815 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago.

ADDITIONAL DIRECTORS.—Prof. E. C. Perisho, Plattville, Wis.; Prof. William S. Marshall, Madison, Wis.; Rev. L. J. Duncan, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Ellen C. Lloyd Jones, Hillside, Wis.; Prof. N. C. Ricker, Urbana, Ill.; Rev. Fred V. Hawley, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Cordelia Kirkland, Chicago; Miss Amalie Hofer, Chicago; Miss Rosalie Winkler, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Mary H. Gooding, Chicago; Rev. Joseph Leiser, Sioux City, Iowa; Mr. W. B. Ingwersen, Chicago; Miss Emma Grant Saulsbury, Ridgely, Md.; Mr. Albert McArthur, Chicago.

CONDUCTOR.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

## THE TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT.

**This is open from July 1 to Sept. 18.** It is beautifully located in the bluff regions of Wisconsin, the Berkshire Hills of the Mississippi Valley, overlooking the Wisconsin River, thirty-five miles from Madison, and three miles from Spring Green, a station on the Prairie du Chien Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. Special summer rates, round trip from Chicago, $8.02.

Its equipment consists of a common dining hall, eight private cottages, two long-houses, with rooms to accommodate one or two, simply furnished; tents with board floors and furnishings; waterworks, pavilion, ice house, stables and garden. The cottages and long-house accommodations are limited. Applications should be made early. Tents can always be furnished on a few days' notice to accommodate visitors. Aside from the exercises of the Summer School noticed above there will be sunset vesper readings every Sunday evening throughout the summer not otherwise provided for; morning readings by Mr. Jones at Westhope Cottage from 11 to 12. A part of the time at these readings outside of the Summer School this year will be given to a search for the new poets—readings from Stephen Phillips, Moira O'Neill, Yeats, Ernest Rhys, Richard Hovey, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, William Vaughn Moody, etc., etc. Ruskin and Tolstoy will probably be the authors most often in hand this season.

The spirit indicated by the summer school program given above is interpretative of the season. Only those who like a quiet summer, who seek an escape from Society and its artificial demands, who know how to entertain themselves, who believe enough in plain living and high thinking to practically enjoy the regime, implied, had better come to Tower Hill. There are no "attractions" other than plenty of quiet and always beautiful out-of-doors, no attempts to entertain, no styles in dress, but much of the fellowship that is conducive to rest. Saturdays will be preserved sacredly to quiet, rest, bird walks, afternoon drives and sunset suppers under the tree. Informal dancing will always be in order, but there will be no "Dances" or "Social Functions." If possible, lights will be out and all in bed no later than 10 p. m.

PRICES.—Room in long-houses per week, $3, for the season of ten weeks, $20; tents, according to size, $—; board at the dining hall, $4 per week; buckboard fare between Spring Green and the encampment, 25 cents; trunks, 25 cents; board and care of horse and carriage, $10 per month. The Tower Hill buckboard is available to guests when not otherwise engaged for rides at the rate of 15 cents an hour for parties of five or more.

CHILDREN.—Miss Wynne Lackersteen, a graduate of the University of Chicago, and for several years an assistant in the University Elementary School, John Dewey, Principal, is prepared to take charge of a limited number of unattended children.

CLASSES in drawing and instruction in music can be arranged for if desired.

For further particulars address Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, 3939 Langley avenue, Chicago, up to June 30; after that, as below.

All mail, express and telegraph matter should be addressed to Spring Green, Wis., care of Tower Hill.

DIRECTORS.—*For Term Ending* 1901: Enos L. Jones, Mrs. Annie L. Kelly; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Edith Lackersteen. *For Term Ending* 1902: John L. Jones, Jenkin Lloyd Jones; president, Miss Cordelia Kirkland. *For Term Ending* 1903: R. L. Joiner, James L. Jones, James Phillip.

# UNITY

VOLUME XLVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1901. NUMBER 23

In an opening sermon recently delivered before the Pacific Coast Unitarian Conference, Frederick L. Hosmer felicitously said that "The complete expression of religion must include the light and love, thought and feeling; it must minister to the head and to the heart." Alas! he was also right when he said that this kind of religion "is still in the dim morning of its day. We may outgrow our worships, but worship itself we may not outgrow."

---

*The Pacific Unitarian* in an editorial note is reminded of a "devout but honest minister who in his prayer said, 'We dedicate this church to thee, O Lord, subject to a four thousand dollar mortgage.'" This dedication is good sense as well as good piety, for any pretensions to the contrary nothwithstanding, the Lord does not accept church mortgages. He always leaves them in the hands of the mortgagors and never interferes with the processes of the mortgagee.

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M. Bloch, the Russian author of the great six-volume work on "The Future of War," which is supposed to have had such influence upon the Czar in the issuance of his famous rescript that resulted in the Peace Congress at The Hague, is still at work. In a recent address read in London he tried to show that the British disappointments in the Transvaal rest not in British stupidity or in Boer prowess, but in smokeless powder and long range and quick firing rifles, which renders the invading army so helpless in pursuit. These and other modern contrivances make a war of aggression practically impossible, hence it behooves the powers of the earth to look to other means of protecting their rights and preserving their existence.

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*The Scientific American* of July 27 has an editorial entitled "Two Eminent California Scientists." Of Prof. Joseph LeConte it says: "No man has studied more industriously or arrived at conclusions more entitled to respect as to the complex geological system of California than Prof. LeConte. * * * He was among the first to explore the regions east of the Sierras, finding traces of the great lake that once covered that country to great depths." Of Dr. Harvey Wilson it says: "He gained great eminence in the obscure branch of science relating to fungi. He was president of the California Academy of Sciences when James Lick left it a million dollars." It further says: "Both of these eminent men lived lives simple and unostentatious. Their friendships were wide and in the world of science they will be greatly missed."

---

Fifty-one years after the fatal shipwreck that threw the lifeless bodies of Margaret Fuller Ossili, her husband and beautiful child on the beach of Fire Island, a bronze tablet has been erected on the spot to commemorate the "Author, editor, poet and orator. * * * Noble in thought and character, eloquent of tongue and of pen. She was an inspiration to many of her own time and her uplifting influence abides with us." It was dedicated on the fifty-first anniversary of the shipwreck, July 19, 1850. Julia Ward Howe wrote the inscription. Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake made the address. It took fifty years to erect the merited tablet commemorating her death; it may take another fifty years before the great contention of her life is sufficiently understood to be duly heeded and adequately interpreted in a law that will secure to woman her rightful place in the state.

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*The Advocate of Peace* for July mourns the death of four members of its Board during the past year. Of the Rev. Charles B. Smith, of West Bedford, who had been a member of the Board for sixteen years, it says: "It grieved him deeply that so many of his brethren in the ministry seemed indifferent to the subject of peace or open advocates or excusers of war." It is strange, is it not? Rev. Mr. Powers, pastor of the Universalist Church of Buffalo, in a recent address at a peace convention held there, was probably right when he said that the chief task is to convert the ministers. Scientists, labor unions, socialists, business men, and even anarchists, are all in favor of peace to an extent that shames the silence of the minister and the absolute absence of any organic or effective co-operative protest on the part of any church denomination that we know of except the Quakers. And still the ministers talk about a "Gospel of peace." A pertinent question for religious conferences for next season is this: When will it be time to stop official killing on the part of nations? When can civilization dispense with the scientific slaughter of men in the avowed interest of peace and piety?

---

We suspend the publication of our Congress papers this week in order to make room for two of the addresses made on Teachers' Sunday at Tower Hill. These addresses, together with the interesting reminiscences of the great teacher, Horace Mann, by one of his old Antioch pupils, and the reports of Tower Hill Meetings by two of the attendants, make of this issue a teachers' number which has happened along without much editorial foresight or planning. It is a timely number, for vacation is becoming more and more the teachers' season. The manner of their spending July and August will determine the character of their teaching throughout the rest of the year. A vacation spent in social dissipation, the small talk of the "resort" or in mental indolence, promises a dull year for the school children, a peevish and petulant time in the schoolroom, and proably a year filled with physical discomfort ever threatening to culminate in a nervous breakdown on the part of the teacher. But if July and August

are spent on the highlands of thought, in the serene company of the sages and the seers, if nature is permitted to minister to her patients in simplicity and sincerity, and if the mind has found renewal, as mind must ever find it, in healing thoughts, nourishing ideas and inspiring ideals, then the teacher will return to his or her tasks with a clear eye, a steady hand and a masterful brain. And the children will be able to say at the end of the school year: "This was the best year yet."

## "Unity of Spirit as Basis of a National Church."

This is the tempting title of a brave article in the July number of *The International Journal of Ethics*, written by R. A. Bray, of London. But this article is as penetrating as it is brave, and insight is the indispensable condition of foresight.

Two ideals forever lure the religious nature, ideals that heretofore have been so antagonistic that to most minds they have seemed incompatible; one must destroy the other.

The first of these ideals is co-operation, the life together, the cathedral inspiration which lies at the foundation of all national churches, an ideal so strong that it at least lies at the base of the greatest organizing achievement of humanity up to date, i. e., the Roman Catholic Church. It has endured through fifteen centuries. It has subdued nations and united races.

The other ideal is that of personal liberty, religion a thing of the individual, a consecration of the soul to its inner ideals, the spirit worshiping at a shrine apart, the high altar, a thing from the within. On this line have saints traveled, on this line have they been broken.

Protestantism has abandoned the attempt at reconciliation, choosing the latter ideal. It has rejoiced in the right of secession, it has reveled in dissection.

And still the bravest have not abandoned the dream of reconciliation. The article above alluded to points the line along which reconciliation is to come, abandoning the hope for a unity in action, in purpose or in belief, because neither nor all of them give adequate broadness and clearness. It finds the possibility of a unity of the spirit as giving the necessary enthusiasm of humanity resting in the divine in men.

Before this dream is dismissed let it be admitted that as yet it has never been fairly stated, much less fairly tried. There are no obstacles in the way of a national church on this basis that are not equally obstinate in the way of the nation itself.

We have thus inadequately stated the problem once more that we may have the privilege of quoting the conclusion of this significant article which runs as follows:

> Time and the age are with us and our views have changed much of late years and are changing still. Men are coming to see that in spiritual matters the light given is not that of a steadily shining sun that renders clear every detail of an open plain, but resembles rather moonbeams struggling down into the heart of a dense forest and illumining only isolated tracts, whose borders are deep shadows of blackness and giving to all things alike strange forms that pass description. Standing on the threshold of a new century and looking back on the old that is past and gone, amid the wreckage of faiths there is one belief that we see ever growing in strength, the belief in our own littleness, or own fallibility, our own ignorance; from this is springing the spirit of a wide toleration that in some degree justifies the hope that the new century will build for us a National Church.
>
> An idle dream it may be, but there are dreams for which we are the better and which work out their own fulfillment. Such an one may be this dream of a National Church joined and made one in a unity of spirit; a church that shall make united protest against the paltry littleness of modern life; that to commercialism, claiming that each man has only a money price, will reply that it may be true we are bought with a price, but that the price paid was the life of a Man and that only in terms of man can you reckon man; a church that will survey and judge all things in the light of a single idea, the religious idea. In this church one member shall say to another, "Friend, we are in a strange world, in which knowledge comes to us only in fragments like spray tossed up from the infinite ocean of the unknown. Follow we each, therefore, the truth that he feels within him, wherever it may lead; if in the same direction, then together; if not, then apart, yet joined by unity of spirit, remembering that, though our ways may be widely sundered, time is long and space is broad and in eternity they shall yet meet."

## GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—EDS.

PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE.

Born, North Brookfield, Mass., 1868. Died 1899. Son of the Rev. Minot Judson Savage. Graduated at Harvard University. His "First Poems and Fragments" appeared in 1895, and was followed by "Poems" in 1898. His untimely death blighted the bright promise of a new and great poet.

### To M. J. S.

If ever I have thought or said
In all the seasons of the past
One word at which thy heart has bled
Believe me, it will be the last.

The tides of life are deep and wide,
The currents swift to bear apart
E'en kindred ships; but from thy side
I pray my sail may never start.

If, in the turning day and night
Of this our earth, our little year,
Thou shalt have lost me from thy sight
Across the checkered spaces drear.

Thy words are uttered; and the mind
Accustomed, cannot all forget;
While written in my heart I find
An impulse that is deeper yet.

We love but never know the things,
To value them, that nearest stand.
The heart that travels seaward brings
The dearest treasure home to land.

### III.

The wild-eyed, savage gull, with bow'd wing, tips
The white, flat surface of the misty sea;
Or, stooping in the wind-trod, hollow wave,
Reels upward straight, hangs quivering, his whole self
Intent, and breaks the surface like a bolt!
This spirit of the mystery of the sea
Sweeps by in silence on the noisy scud,
Or bursts across the borders of the storm,
A flash of horrid white; with beating wing
Struggles in futile, royal wrath against
The armed battalions of a mighty wind,
And beaten, leaps aloft upon the storm
To ride in fury down the conquering gale.
Away, thou symbol of my own gray thoughts
Whenever from the heaven of weary hopes
The clouds run low in the palely flowing sky;
Whenever from the world of the unachieved
The mists mount up to meet the drooping cloud,
And I between them fail, 'tis thou I see,
Thou dreadful emblem of my darker life
Thou art no child of sunlight, for indeed
Whether beneath some purple summer eve
Thou weariest thy way into the west,
Or in the winter on the frozen bay
Standest erect, a white, mad, ravened king,
Life-banished by the ice, thou art the same,
Grim, busy with thyself, hard, gloomy, wild.

## Neptunian.

Midway the height of one sheer granite rock
I sat in face of the barbarian sea,
And heard the god, out of the dreadful, deep,
Midmost Atlantic summoning strength and here,
In accents clear above the sullen roar
Of all his waves, condemn the jutting world.

"Populous Egypt was a realm and ruled
By men that strove when Greece was yet unborn.
I strive not, yet is Pharaoh deep in death,
And still the seas sweep unappeased and new.
Kings were ere Priam. Knew ye not? I hold
The substance, in my swift and solvent brine,
Of all the race since Adam, and of strange,
Unfeatured men ere Paradise. And I
Sang to them all and cradled them and drank
Their breath, their dust, their family and fame.
Earth the grain-giver in my hands I hold,
And if I will I love and if I will
Hate, and I know no master but the sun,
Who drinks the years up in a thin blue flame.
From me the rivers and the rain from me
Lead down their due-returning silver streams
In circuit just; and all the gulfs are mine
Beneath the earth that echo of the deep.
Laugh, then, be glad! E'en though I swallow down,
To rock upon my oozy floor, the hulls
Of odd ten thousand hurrying ships. They swell
And mantle o'er with all the amorous life
Ye reck not of, and in a year are gone.
Laugh and be glad! Tremble and fear! I beat
Beneath the shining forward of the dawn,
The dim high noon, and the red stars at night,
Daylight and dark forever I beat, I beat
The bulwarks of the shore, daylight and dark,
With the blue night about me and the dawn."

On billow billow rolling, in the press
Confounded of the furious, following surge,
Thunders the Deep, intolerant and sublime;
Gray-heart and grim to spurn of this black rock
The temerarious front, and here to wrench
The frame of earth aside before the sea.

---

## Recollections of Horace Mann at Antioch.

By One of His Students.

I was at Antioch college from the beginning of its second year, March 31, 1854, to the close of its fifth year in 1858, excepting two winter terms I was out teaching. I never recited to Mr. Mann, as he heard only the Juniors and Seniors, so that I will give only the unbiased appreciation and study of the man from the position of a "plebe." I completed the preparatory and freshman years, and was just entering the sophomore year when my health compelled me to leave college for two terms, thus falling behind my class, and I completed the sophomore year at Hillsdale College, Michigan.

I was the means of securing Mr. Mann for one of his famous lectures before one of the literary societies of Hillsdale College, the year I was there. I had at that time a very pleasant visit with Mr. Mann, and here, as at every place he lectured, he was confronted with a magnificent audience composed of students, teachers and the best citizens of the city. Their enthusiasm and appreciation was unbounded, and Mr. Mann spoke of the intelligent audience and their enthusiastic attention. He said it was one of the best audiences he had addressed in the west.

His lecture enthused the professors, teachers and students, and I noticed a new departure in interest and methods from that day on as long as I remained there. His talks on all occasions were sources of inspiration and encouragement, carrying his deep altruism and sympathy to every hungry soul. And they always created a hungering and thirsting for the better, higher life. He taught all his students to love their bodies—to make them clean, healthy, holy and robust; to revere and protect their self-respect as they should the name and character of God. He used to say: "There are always two witnesses at least to your most secret actions—two of the most interested and important persons to you in the whole universe—yourself and God. These are two that you can never deceive, and whose testimony will follow you through eternity." Then in that earnest pleading and awfully convincing manner of his he would close with: "Young man! Young woman! Beware!"

At such times as Mr. Mann was scathing the follies and sins of men in his terribly earnest way, I have felt the very hairs of my head rising up as in sudden fright, and I was not a bad boy, either. He carried the conviction of sin as well as the grandest enthusiasm and appreciation of a noble life.

At the beginning of the school term, Mr. Mann always gave us a hearty greeting at the chapel exercises on the first morning. He would read that beautiful tribute to wisdom found in the Book of Proverbs. I forget the chapter, but I cannot forget the forcible way in which he would read it, in that sweet, kind voice of his: "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace," etc., etc. It is one of the finest passages in the Bible—and the truest—the prayer, so sympathetic, pleading and helpful—the hymns, just to suit the occasion, full of love and hope—they stir my soul within me yet. How could such a man have detractors, enemies and false accusers? But even Christ had them, also.

His Bible class was free to all students. It met every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the chapel. What a treat it was. Just think what we would be willing to pay to sit at the feet of such a teacher one hour each Sunday now. How interesting and instructive was that hour. So full of good cheer and comfort and consolation and hope and everything good and pure.

I remember on one of these occasions one of those perplexing mystical orthodox questions came up. After several discussions *pro* and *con* in the class, Mr. Mann was appealed to to settle the question. He answered about this way: "My young friends, twenty years ago when I thought that I knew more than I do now, I might have answered that question to my own satisfaction, if not yours. But I want you to think that out for yourselves. Each one must be his own judge." Then he repeated to us the immortal lines of Leigh Hunt, just written: "Abou Ben Adhem." You remember how the good angel appeared to the rabbi making the room radiant with his presence and writing in a book of gold. The good rabbi bold with peace and love says: "What writest thou?" The answer was "The names of those who love the Lord." "And is mine one?" said Ben Adhem?" "Nay, not so," replied the angel. "Then," said Ben Adhem, "write me as one who loves his fellow men." The angel wrote and vanished and returned in a blaze of light the next night and showed the names of those whom love of God had blessed and lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest. "Young men, what do you think of that theology?" We said: "It is grand, yes, to love your fellow-man, is better than whole burnt offerings and fulfills the law and the gospels."

The first time I ever saw Mr. Mann was at Kenton, Ohio, near my old home, in the winter of 1853. How time flies—that is almost fifty years ago—yet it seems but yesterday. He came to our town to deliver a lecture. We had a fine course of lectures that winter. I was a country lad about twenty years of age. Father had one of the prettiest and best farms in the far-famed Scioto valley, six miles from Kenton, our county seat. I went six miles and paid fifty cents to hear each lecture. I wonder how many of our lads would now go that far and pay that price to hear a first-class lecture? I had heard of Mr. Mann only casually, as you must remember that men and events were not heralded broadcast over the whole country

every morning as now. I had heard of the location and building of Antioch college, but somehow had not felt very much interest in it. I had been through our common schools and one term at Ohio Wesleyan, at Delaware, and one year at a little Covenanter college close at home in the adjoining county, so that I was by no means a clod-hopper, destitute of any education. I longed for more knowledge, but my father said he had done by me as he had done by all the other of his six children that were older than myself. When it was announced that Horace Mann was to deliver the next lecture before our lecture association, my enthusiasm and desire to hear him knew no bounds. It was a cold, cloudy day that preceded that memorable night. My parents thought it very foolish for me to go, and did their best to persuade me to remain at home. An older brother who took an interest in higher education, plead for me. I had somehow made up my mind that I must go. I felt somehow that that lecture had something important in the shaping of my destiny—and it had. The country people among whom I had been born and raised were good, honest, unambitious, strong of limb and brave, but small in brain; large hearted, but small in the ideality of life. I somehow felt that if this low view of life was all there was to it, and that there was nothing better than drudgery and success along these lower lines, then life was indeed a failure. Therefore I was exceedingly anxious that Horace Mann should not disappoint and add to these doubts and skepticism in regard to the higher mission of life.

I think that that was the turning point of my life. I think it answered the query which at some time comes to every young man: Whether it is better to make this a life of sensual enjoyment, gratifying to the full all our animal desires; all our selfish ambitions for fame and wealth and power, or will we crucify or at least curb these animal passions and cultivate the intellect and nourish those higher and nobler sentiments of morality, religion and the love of the beautiful and true. Horace Mann forced me to a decision that night, and it was in favor of true manhood. I know I might have been wealthy; I could have had political preferment by violating some of the resolutions that I made that night. I might have averted what the world calls a failure of life-political, social and financial, but I do not prize the world's judgment very highly. I prize, rather, the peace and enjoyment of an unviolated conscience. In these later years of my life I am content and know that I made a wise choice.

Pardon so much of my own history, but it is given that you may see what an influence Mr. Mann had on one life. If some kind arm had dragged you out of an awful whirlpool in a drowning condition, would you not like to tell the circumstances and give that friend your affection and the credit of it?

I wish that I could give you the impression that Mr. Mann made on my youthful mind that night. I was a Hero Worshiper then. The lecture was in a large (for those days) church. The speaker entered and walked the entire length of the church to the platform. Mr. Mann was then in the prime of life, in the season of his most magnificent manhood, just out of Congress at Washington where he had made as grand a record as the greatest. He had just been called to the presidency of Antioch college. The cares and responsibilities of this new and very uncertain, and to him, very unfortunate undertaking as I think. As he entered he engaged the undivided attention of his entire audience. His appearance struck me as more divine than human. He seemed a God incarnate as with slow dignity he moved through the audience and after standing a moment as in friendly greeting he took his seat. He had the sympathy of his audience before he opened his lips.

Mr. Mann was the most dignified, intelligent and courteous man in his general appearance, that I ever saw. In physique he was very tall and well filled out, as straight as an arrow, with an extremely high full forehead and ruddy countenance, beaming with good nature and intelligence; a clear, blue eye, mild in repose, but with the piercing qualities of the eagle in times of conflict. The boys used to say that they never could stand with a lie in their mouth before the penetrating blue eyes of Horace Mann. His hair was thin and soft, and the first time I saw him it was white as snow. The lecture that night was his famous lecture to "Young Men."

Mr. Mann was a Puritan of the Puritans, but minus their Calvinistic, orthodox, blue law views and superstition, which seemed to be his peculiar high mission to correct, and for which to substitute a happier more sensible and altruistic religion. But nevertheless Puritanism had put its stamp upon him, and he was of the stuff that martyrs are made of. He would willingly have sacrificed place, wealth and political preferment for principle. Yes, HE DID IT! And he would have allowed his body to be burned at the stake rather than espouse a cause he knew to be wrong.

Mr. Badger, one of his graduates of the class of '58, said of him in his forcible language: "He stood before his class in the denunciation of slavery and the principles of the slave power in the South like the incarnate wrath of the justice of God." When the storm of war threatened, he with Garfield offered President Lincoln a regiment of students and professors to battle for the North. But the grandest episode, the climax of that great career was his death. HORACE MANN DIED LIKE A GOD! This great event occurred during the vacation of 1859. I have from one of his students—a lady who lived in Yellow Springs, and was with him and Mrs. Mann during his last sickness—this statement: "He was the most patient and sweetest tempered invalid I ever saw. He manifested the same desire during these trying moments for the comfort and welfare of others and an entire absence of care and comfort of self he had manifested during health. He always studied the comfort and welfare of others, not his own. He asked his physician how long he might live, and was told only a few hours—not over four. He sent for the students and teachers that were still in the village, and for his old friend, Rev. Eli Fay, and oh, what eloquence and pathos and inspiration and hope came from those fast failing lips! His last words were addressed to his two sons and to the Rev. Eli Fay. To his two sons he said, when they desired to know what they ought to do, to ask themselves what Christ would do in the same circumstances. to his friend, Fay: 'Preach God's laws, PREACH THEM, *preach them!*' his voice rising each time he pronounced the words. These were his last words. One of his biographers said he died a martyr to Antioch college and next to his own spirit the most beautiful thing in the world is the devotion of his students to him while he lived and to his memory when he was dead.

And now, having written this, I think back over the fifty years that have passed since he closed up his bright career and I can't find a single false prophesy that he made, or a note of warning he uttered that has not come to pass. He was not only the great philosopher, scientist and statesman, but he was a great prophet and the greatest reformer and educator of his age.

Lekamah, Neb. H. N. WHEELER.

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The church that is forever figuring how to raise money will not cut much figure in raising the world.

## Teacher's Sunday on Tower Hill.

THE INTELLECTUAL INSPIRATIONS OF THE TEACHER.

*An Address by Ellen C. Lloyd Jones, of the Hillside-Home School.*

"Scatter diligently in susceptible minds the germs of the good and the beautiful. They will develop there to trees, bud and bloom." —*Ruskin.*

"The imparting of information is but a small part of a teacher's business; his chief concern should be to develop faculty, to form character and to point out the means whereby knowledge may be acquired and if need be communicated. The teacher who loves his calling and understands his business will give his chief thought and labor to education, whether it be his own or that of the few, or that of the race."

*Bishop Spalding.*

"Where is the learned? Where is he that pondereth the law? Where is the teacher of little ones? In the right spirit is the important thing. Whatever we do there is knowledge or genuine striving or yearning after knowledge."

*Bishop Spalding.*

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I read these sentences from two of our modern sages by way of justification or apology, for again taking up a theme, one phase of which was so admirably presented this morning.

The teacher's mission is such that the committee who shapes the program for these wonderfully conglomerate meetings on this river-side, may be fully justified in allotting two periods for its consideration, in order that it may be approached from many sides.

Ridicule and condemn as we may the mistakes and blunders of the teachers, their influence is second only to those of the parents. Like them, they are in a measure, shaping the future of the world. They make potent for weal or for woe its moving forces. "The development of a soul, naught else, is worthy study," said Robert Browning, and surely the noblest aspiration is that which tends to the accumulation of knowledge as a means toward the soul development.

To *know* is a great and noble ambition; to *be* is a greater and nobler one. The teacher should be most earnest in his effort to stimulate himself and his pupil in this noble ambition. I am often impressed with a conviction that we allow the intellectual development of our children to engross us too exclusively in the interest of grades, graduations, and college entrance. For this tendency, teachers themselves are not solely blamable. Parents are so anxious for the rapid intellectual growth of their children, that they would often set aside all work of training save that which hastens admission into college.

"Put nothing into the curriculum but the studies demanded for college entrance," is urged by many, and college committees are continually increasing these requirements. I venture the opinion that the college entrance examinations for our leading universities today, cover as much technical knowledge in many subjects, as was covered by the college course itself in the days of Longfellow, Edward Everett, Charles Sumner and other great lights of the world—and yet added years are very grudgingly allowed the secondary school for the additional work of preparation.

One may well shudder at the great increase in knowledge, without the corresponding growth in morals. Is it not evident that the moral impulse which the teacher gives is more important than the knowledge she imparts; and that clear thinking does not always contribute to right doing?

No one in this presence, I trust, questions the importance of thorough preparation on the part of the teacher for the work of educating children. Means are abundantly provided for this purpose. Improved technical schools, colleges and universities are increasing in great numbers on every hand. Never before have young men and young women graduated in such flocks; never have our teacher's ranks been so filled to overflowing with young people whose intellectual aspirations stop not short of university degree—more than one.

Experience strongly hints that in more than one superintendent's or director's breast there is anxiety about the condition of his school, due to the lack of moral force in his children; to the absence of noble enthusiasm in his classes; to a want of a cheery spirit of work in his pupils. The cause of much of this is not difficult to trace in part to the hollow-eyed, nervous, irritable woman who is studying into the wee small hours of the night, taxing her brain not for a fuller, a wiser correction of a lying tongue or a deceitful act, but with work remotely foreign to the task she has pledged herself to do on the morrow. Nobler ambition would it be for her to seek to enter her school room with the moral and mental poise that comes with nerve and brain rested with invigorating sleep, instead of exhausted by the mastery of a difficult Greek composition. Or, the cause may be partly traceable to the brilliant young lawyer, in embryo, who uses his teacher's desk as a stepping-stone to what he deems higher honor in the realm of law and politics. Again, the weakness of the school may be increased through the misdirected energies of a prospective young M. D. who intends shortly to enter a medical college, and now strives to shorten his period of preparation already too short for the important profession of medicine. These are all worthy aspirations and my pupils will bear me out in saying that my influence with them points in this direction; but at this time, for these teachers, they are a hindrance to efficient work in the school-room. The midnight oil has been burned and nerve-force has been consumed that the young woman candidate may at the next convocation of her university get her title of B. A., A. M. or Ph. D. Her strength has been diminished, her value to the world for this time lessened through what might under other conditions be most noble intellectual aspirations. The legal aspirant would have been more loyal to his trust, had his efforts been expended in the direction of finding a clearer, fuller demonstration of the problem over which his first-year boys grew discouraged and cross because they were keen enough to see that the teacher did not himself clearly understand the problem he was trying to expound; the medical aspirant might better be laboring to secure a smooth translation of Virgil than discover the most interesting revelation of the microscope, since he had given his word of honor that he would teach Latin to the best of his ability, to the class placed in his charge.

The county superintendent, ambitious to issue only first-grade certificates in his county, thus proving his high standards of service, should hesitate in his demands upon his primary teacher for frequent reviews in Physics, Higher Algebra and Geometry, whose subtle facts will escape any mind that is not frequently making use of them in practical work. These poor girls may be greatly harassed to reach his high standards in his yearly examinations in the intricate mathematics they are never to touch in their work as teachers of the little ones. Better would it be for the primary teacher could she spend her precious moments in the careful preparation of the nature lesson most valuable in the development of the little children, surrounded as they are by the wealth of bird, of insect and of plant. Better if she took the time to know and feel a poem and thereby become capable of awakening in the heart of her pupil that love and wonder and reverence so essential to the full working of the child mind. Ay, give the teacher time to lift her own thoughts from perplexing worries "and banish the cares of the day," by sitting at the feet of the sage, the poet and the prophet.

Men, you make the laws that shall test the qualifications of these women, that are to train your little sons

and daughters. At your door lies the mistake. Hurl not the words of scorn at them because they fail through the mental strain and physical inability under these unjust requirements, to be led into such paths of intellectual refreshment and growth as would sweeten and deepen and broaden their lives. Are not scores of overworked, tired teachers devitalizing their energies for next year's vigorous, happy work by poring over text-books at summer-schools, when they have already spent ten months in nerve-exhausting labor in the school-room?

Truly, friends, I believe we should cry "Halt!" to the intellectual aspirations which are today weakening the moral fiber in our children by depriving them of serene, vigorous, sympathetic school tuition. Our teachers do not enough ponder over personal problems of discipline, influence, enthusiasm. Our boards of education look for an Aladdin lamp power in a degree, sometimes forgetting to look for the divine gift of the teacher—inspiration—which comes with insight and self-forgetfulness.

Having said so much against that superficial culture, which possibly is sought for the name it gives, I do recognize the need of the teachers of our land to keep out of the ruts of life, and do urge that they follow bravely and persistently high ideals. Their danger is a common one. Most people get into ruts. We fancy that we discover occasionally the ditching quality in the soil of the preacher, the farmer, the weary house-mother as well, as in the pedagogue. However, it may be that there is a greater prevalence to this in the teacher for obvious reasons. Men of all other professions, farmers and trades people, come more frequently into contact with mature minds, sword cuts sword, steel strikes steel, lightnings clash, new mind channels are opened. The teacher, on the contrary, is something of an autocrat, a solitary in his realm. He deals with unmatured minds, therefore his dangers are greater.

Why do we see so many wrecks along life's pathway? Is it not that life runs too much in one groove? All of us who are old enough may recall among our acquaintances a teacher who is versed in the most approved methods of education, fitted by the best of professional training; conscientious, methodical; faithful in the routine of her work, a good disciplinarian, she leads her pupil to get the most out of rule and formula, and she may have risen to places of trust and honor in her profession; but in a few years she came to a nervous collapse. Her tasks crushed her, and why? Because she was simply following stern duty and did not possess that noble enthusiasm that would keep her young in heart and active in spirit.

Life must be a receiver as well as a giver, if it continue healthful. During the past month the thirsty earth in great sections of the great ball has been giving unduly of its moisture and has lost the power of producing verdure. It can no longer stimulate the growth of nutriment and vegetation dies, because the earth has received no drop of the life-giving rain into its overgenerous bosom, thus illustrating this need as a physical law. As surely is it a mental law; as springs enriching the surrounding soil are fed by the descending rain, so mind must receive refreshment from superior minds in order that it may be perpetually able to give to others.

How may this be done? What are the possible uplifts of all our lives, be our vocations what they may? The value of close communion with nature is so constantly emphasized in this "school of the out-of-doors" that a repetition of that thought is surely unnecessary. I will only recall to you the familiar lines of Longfellow as a reminder—

> "If thou wouldst learn the lesson that would keep
> Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
> Go to the woods and hills."

Fortunate is the soul that can be uplifted by a beautiful prospect, or by the sound of bird or breeze—"Can feast at life's full board."

The other sources of inspiration most available and unfailing to the aspiring teacher is the realm of books. With Emerson he can say—

> "I am the owner of the sphere
> Of the seven stars and the solar year,
> Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
> Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain."

Here the teacher can have intercourse with the kingly minds of earth; with them explore the depths of thought, and with them climb the lofty heights of the imagination. From them he may receive guidance to the solitary truths garnered from experience and deep insight. In communing with these great minds he is made ashamed of his narrow views, his harsh judgment; he forgets his petty prejudices, and for the time at least lives in a new world, where the heart is loyal and the life is noble. These great minds have bequeathed to us their riches, just so far as we have capacity to appropriate their liberal gifts.

In these days much is being said and written concerning "liberal education"—that is, an education carried on beyond the curriculum of the common schools in higher institutions of learning. But the great books of the ages, accessible everywhere and to everyone, make a liberal education, in reality if not in name, possible to all.

Surely, the intellectual aspirations of a teacher should lead beyond the school curriculum; lead into a curriculum that would include the beauties of Isaiah and Job — Homer and Milton; a curriculum that would make the mind dissatisfied to feed solely on the market reports, the sports and the crimes of the world, reported in the columns of the newspaper, when a Tennyson and a Wordsworth, a George Eliot and a Shakespeare, are near at hand to instruct, entertain and uplift. This is the realm where the true teacher finds his intellectual inspiration, enriching thereby the world without and deepening and sustaining the life within.

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### The Moral Inspiration of the Teacher.

*An address delivered before the Tower Hill Summer School, July 28, 1901, by Dr. O. G. Libby of the University of Wisconsin.*

We have had the exposition of the intellectual inspiration so well put this morning, that we may wonder if there is anything more to say. The intellectual inspiration is truly so inwrought with the moral, that is to say, the character side of teaching, that it is almost like splitting hairs to try and separate them. But I take it that Mr. Jones in choosing this double subject had it in mind to challenge us teachers to defend our profession, to give reason for the faith there is within us that we have a profession if not an inspired, at least an inspiring one. It was an old idea, even in Socrates' time, that to teach, a man must be in advance of his pupil. Socrates himself, the master-teacher, said that he knew only one thing better than any one else, namely that he was very ignorant. But he made this knowledge so potent a force in Athens that he was in the end condemned to die because he would not and could not forbear proclaiming the truth at all times and in all places. The profession of teaching has made many notable advances since Socrates taught and drew inspiration from his life work. Still we have hardly gone on in the matter of inspiration for the teacher. Then, as now, there were two sources of inspiration,

and one of the greatest lessons of this Greek teacher lies along this inspirational side in the light it throws upon the question of how a teacher can be revivified, renewed and kept from fossilizing. What are the sources of moral inspiration for the teacher. sources so free and rich that in partaking of their wealth he becomes in the end, as it was intended that he should be, a medium through which the best he enjoys passes on to his pupils.

Two sources of such inspiration are so important that I name them first, for it seems to me that without these two there can be no good teaching. The teacher should draw inspiration from what he teaches and from those to whom he imparts instruction. In other words, he must be in close and vital touch with his subject and his pupils. There is nothing new in this. Indeed, it would be hard to say anything new about a profession so old as ours. But you will say it is impossible to draw inspiration from my subject. It is primary mathematics, or sixth grade spelling. We forget that there have been even here, the inspired and inspiring Froebel and Pestalozzi, and that without their work we should still be floundering in the mediaevalisms of the old-time pedagogue. Prof. Monaghan in his admirable talk of two weeks ago, struck the keynote for us in this subject when he told us how the children in the industrial schools of Germany were made to take an interest in the problems of patterns and styles in fabrics by relating the whole subject to that of room decoration, that is, tapestry, mosaics, marbles, architecture and painting. Said a great architect who won the prize for the best plan for an important public structure, "A task like this is one in which all the powers of mind and soul must be in perfect harmony. It is the holy calm of inspiration that produces the greatest work." And who shall say that the man who labors with all his strength upon the architecture of a human life has no less need for inspiration. There is no subject we are called upon to teach, certainly no group of related subjects, that has not its roots fixed deeply in the primal elements and fundamental truths of the universe, and its branches hung with all manner of beautiful flowers and fruits that have come by the slow process of perfecting evolution from the bare seed thought of the childhood of the race. It is a very great calamity that teachers should be called upon to give instruction in a subject which to them is dead, dried up and dusty, but labeled and classified in the museum of general information at some great university. What a stirring among the dry bones there is, to be sure, when into such a corps of teachers is accidentally projected one inspired from the subject, which to her is all pulsating with life. It is anarchy and ruin to the approved method; but the children rejoice, even if the fossils are abandoned. A subject that has ceased to be in any sense a source of inspiration to the teacher should be given up at once, this is the danger point beyond which it is not safe to go. If we are artisans, as most of us are, we can fix our eyes on the artist just above us. As Emerson said, "Hitch your *wagon* to a star." The trouble with us teachers is that though we all inherit as part of our professional furniture the winged horse, Pegasus, we simply plow, and sow and reap with him, but we forget that our steed has also wings. We dig in the earth enough, we forget utterly to fly, and small wonder that we retort upon Emerson that the star is too far away, and for our part we prefer a farm horse for *our* wagon. The wagon and the star are admirable terms to conjure by and to call up the images of our own common drudgery and the ideal outside and beyond, perhaps utterly unattainable. If for every wagon there is not a star that tugs it now and then with superhuman power wheresoe'er it listeth, if for every commonplace there is not a vision that interferes with the humdrum of life, stirring and upsetting and reshaping, then that life is doomed to an inferno darker than ever Dante painted. It is moral inspiration that clarifies the conscience, strengthens the will, renders the sensibilities more delicate, and makes the soul clean and free again from its earth-soiled garments.

Such inspiration comes from the larger point of view which we may get by doing some one thing better than anything else, in pushing our study farther and farther along one line till we catch the spirit of those who have best labored before us, and until we see somewhat of the vision which was continually before their eyes. *"Back to the masters"* should be the watchword of all who aim at the highest. It is not more cram books on Shakespeare and Tennyson and Milton that we need, not more interlinear translations of Homer or critical and ingenious commentaries on Dante. Rather, we must have more of Shakespeare himself, swept clean of the annotated rubbish of the centuries, more of the Greek classics, the original Dante, the bards and sages without their numerous attending cults and priesthoods. One can hardly be asked to feel inspired at the sight or the reading of one line of Shakespeare heading a packed page of notes, nor can a beginner draw much inspiration from a Dante padded by the German commentator out of all form or semblance of beauty. We need an expurgated edition of our greatest classics to save us from losing their good messages and inspiring visions. One classic above all others we have buried out of sight under mountains of extraneous material until it rarely appeals to us teachers as a classic at all. Your first-class geologist when asked for an inspiring word from his science can do no better than this from the Old Testament: "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my strength." And nó astronomer ever had a more lofty statement of his science than that which goes back perhaps to the first Chaldæan star gazer: "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." And when the historian stands face to face with a civilization that transcends all records, what better phrases can he use than those of Job: "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare if thou hast understanding—who determined the measures thereof, if thou knowest? Or who stretched the line upon it? Whereupon were the foundations thereof fastened? Or who laid the corner-stone thereof?

"When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

In more departments than one the scholar must turn to acknowledge the depth of thought, the profundity of suggestion, the grand uplift of spirit that sweeps through the great books like a tidal wave. But it is old fashioned nowadays to quote from the Bible —except on Sunday. To tell my history class in advance that I am to quote from the Bible has always been to assure a sudden cessation of attention till the obnoxious passages had been cleared out of the way. Reading such passages as bore most aptly on the history of the particular period without mention of the source, always secured interest and aided in the presentation. The phrase "from the Bible" broke the spell instantly. From this silly and stupid prejudice we are being saved by the work of Biblical scholars. They have been digging away the mountain piled debris of a thousand years that has concealed from us the true Bible. The rediscovered Bible of modern times is as much a surprise as the excavation of the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and a thousand-fold more valuable. It has restored to us again one of the greatest sources of moral inspiration we have, and the work of the scholar has made it a proof of advancing thought to use the Bible in literature and history as we never have been able to do heretofore.

The second source of inspiration I have mentioned as the pupils themselves. It has been said that the best teachers are either the taskmasters or the companions of the children. I must reject the first entirely. When a teacher has ceased to draw inspiration from his work, then he becomes a mere machine, and a child is too delicate, too complex and too vital to be trusted to the rigidities of a teaching machine, however highly recommended for quantity and quality of annual output. A teacher ought to take it as a serious warning when he can no longer get refreshment and new impulse from the free contact with the young as a sharer in their lives. And you cannot deceive a child by manufactured enthusiasm, the sort of institutionalized gush that is turned on once in a while. I saw a well known lecturer and teacher of pedagogy, author of more than one lecture on child study, and editor of a whole series of children's reading books, try and interest his own child in a story. The child wanted a story very much, and listened for a time very patiently until at last utterly tired of the artificiality of the story and less polite than the other listeners, ran out of the room for something a little more alive than her own father My later impressions of the man confirmed abundantly this intuitive judgment of his child. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" is a phrase that many a teacher may well dread, if the test is to be applied to her.

Our best inspiration comes from the touch of human hands, the helping of some weaker one out of a pitfall, the guiding of others safely through dangerous ways, the sharing of experiences, the imparting of the wider view or deeper insight. Nothing truer was ever said than that a man grows in proportion as he gives. And one of the sources of this strength is the return from child and youth and man which comes back day by day, and year by year, from those who have been truly taught by an inspired teacher. The physicist tells us that in the lightning flash the current travels both ways. This is what takes place in true teaching, it is a reciprocal process, and inspiration is both given and received. It is only in machine teaching that there is no reaction, and the cold stream of facts and figures poured upon the heads of the children hardly admits of any return current except of the same kind. Everyone knows the difference between the atmosphere in a school room where the pupils are responsive and that where the pumping process drowns out all spontaneity. "I don't know why it is," said a student in Greek, but when Mr. A. has our class the lines of our author seem to take fire, but when Mr. B. has the class they don't even sizzle." We have all of us had the same experience. Some teachers we trust instinctively as we do our parents, and have no hesitation in telling them all our thoughts. They encourage, check and direct us, and all so unconsciously that we forget we are being led out and up at every lesson. This grapple with the forming character and this effort to leave at least one enduring mark upon it, is for the teacher the source of the highest inspiration.

Moving among the perpetual miracle of human growth, and occasionally taking part in the miracle-working himself, the teacher is always the learner. Nowhere among books do we get such a continued story of real life. Our novels are glimpses merely, breaking off where we want to go on, leaving almost all the problems unsolved. In the swift current of young life that perpetually beats past the teacher year after year, the problems there are being solved under his very eyes, perhaps he is helping to solve them. As responsibility sobers one, so does human experience ennoble one. Inspiration there is perpetually for him who looks for it, who thirsts after it.

We may turn somewhat from the first meaning of the subject, what inspires the teacher, what are the sources of moral inspiration for the teacher, and ask how can the teacher be a moral inspiration to the pupil and what responsibility does this entail upon the teacher. In a military school, which shall be nameless, the freshman or first year students are subjected to a process of hazing which surpasses belief. No slave ever obeyed his master as abjectly as do these young men the upper class men. The freshman may faint away under the torture, he may go insane, as some of them do, but obey they must. One man only on record escaped the ordeal, and that by meeting successfully in one day all the upper class men that were pitted against him in fair fight. The title the sophomores especially aspire to is that of "Pleb-crawler," one who makes the plebs or freshmen crawl before him. The system stands condemned by mere statement, but the vicious principle of it permeates everywhere. Crass, brutal authority stalks by the side of the schoolmaster, and pupil and teacher alike suffer. Legislation will not better matters, the hurt is deeper than the reach of mere law. Political influence stands back of many a highly paid professor in our higher institutions of learning, and to our shame be it said that frequently a whole department is paralyzed by an appointment made with sole reference to that great bane of American public life—*political pull.* No teacher with genuine ideals can see this condition of affairs without regret. The remedy, fortunately, lies within our power. The highly paid, semi-political positions that burden our educational system are mere excrescences upon our national life. They will drop away if we go on as we have begun. True service is always underpaid in this world's goods. The inspired teacher is not dependent upon a party or upon social prestige for the place he holds. His position is held by the grace of God and by the faith of all men in the good and true. And he will outlast and outwork the mere time-serving pseudo-teacher whose heart is not in the service and who is ready, Judas-like, to betray the profession for a handful of silver. Mere money or reward of office could never have made Tower Hill what it is, and the soul-satisfying communion we enjoy here is not paid for by mere dollars and cents. The debt we owe to our loved director can be repaid in only one way, doing or trying to do for others what he has done for us. So that I feel like saying that the double subject of to-day's services could have been very briefly dealt with. Intellectual inspiration of the teacher and moral inspiration of the teacher, both in the giving and in the receiving is best exemplified by the work he does for us in these five weeks of summer school at Tower Hill. And all of us—the officers and the members of the school alike, thank Mr. Jones not once, but many times each year for this great center of inspiration which has sweetened our lives and tided us over many an intellectual and moral crisis, and which draws us like a magnet wherever we may chance to be.

This is the type of teaching which is destined to drive all others to the wall. Not in our generation, nor in the next, but it is yet not far away. When we Americans have stopped long enough to breathe in this mad chase after Anglo-Saxon domination, and cooler thoughts supervene, we shall turn, as did Germany a hundred years ago, to the inspired schoolmaster to help us solve the problems that are more pressing than those of territorial acquisition or industrial supremacy. Meanwhile, we must be content to serve as have the masters before us until we, too, may get something of the artist while we ply our trade as artisans, until the inspiration we receive, we can give again in full measure. We can say with Whitman: "Allons! After the great Companions and to belong to them."

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Many troubles may be God's spades digging deep for the foundation of his temple in our lives.

### A Week with the Minor American Poets at Tower Hill.

To try to give a report of one of Mr. Jones' classes is manifestly to attempt the impossible, because *Mr. Jones* can't be put into the report. So I can only tell the readers of UNITY a little of *what* was read in the class on the minor American poets, and if you have ever been in one of Mr. Jones' classes you can try to imagine *how* it was read. If you have not had that blessed experience there is no use wasting your imagination.

The week's work was given to dialect poetry, patriotic poetry, ballads and lyrics found in American poetry. For class purposes Mr. Jones divided American dialect poetry roughly into the dialect of the northeastern section (Yankee); that of the middle section; of the far West; the child dialect; the negro dialect and that of the foreigner in English.

The first is best represented by Lowell's Biglow Papers, Sam Walter Foss' Back Country Poems, and Holman F. Day's "Up in Maine." In the middle dialect we have James Whitcomb Riley, Will Carleton, Hamlin Garland and our own Eugene Field. Field's poem of "The Two Opinions" is a good illustration of this form of dialect:

Us two wuz boys when we fell out,
Nigh to the age of my youngest now;
Don't rec'lect what 'twus about,
Some small deeff'rence I'll allow.
Lived next neighbors twenty years,
A-hatin' each other, me an' Jim,
He havin' *his* opinyin of *me*
'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin of *him*.

To Field and Riley belongs the distinction of having raised "baby talk" to classic literature. The far West has its ablest portrayer in Bret Harte. How the tender heart of the cowboy comes out through all the roughness and profanity of his language in "Jim."

Dead!
Poor—little—Jim.
Why there was me,
Jones and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben,
No-account men;
Then to take *him*.

The inimitable charm of the foreigner's English dialect comes from the mixing of his native words and idioms with the language of his adopted country. This is particularly true of the German. If he cannot find the English word he wants he fearlessly puts in its German equivalent. Those who remember the literature of Civil War times will recall with pleasure the series of Hans Breitman's Ballads which were second in their influence at that time only to the Biglow Papers. They were written by Chas. Leland, a Civil War correspondent. His Hans Breitman was a German of education who, when at a loss for an English word, was liable to substitute for it the Latin or French as well as the German, apparently trusting to this diversity of tongues to make his point clear. One of his funniest things is "Hans Breitman's Barty," in which, after describing the party given by Breitman, he closes in this wise:

Hans Brietman gife a barty
Where ish dat barty now?
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow?
Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern,
De shtar of de shpirit's light?
All goned afay mit de Lager Beer,
Afay in de ewigkeit.

What could be more delightful than his similes?

The Irish dialect is characterized by the delicious indirection of the Irishman and the pathetic homesickness of the emigrant. Moira O'Neill has a slender volume which contains some poems of exquisite tenderness and naiveté, as witness these lines from "Forgettin'":

The night when last I saw my lad,
His eyes were bright an' wet.
He took my two hands in his own,
"'Tis well," says he, "we're met.
*Asthore machree!* the likes o' me
I bid you now forget."

Ah, sure, the same's a thriflin' thing,
'Tis more I'd do for him!
I mind the night I promised well,
Away on Ballindim—
An' every little while or so
I thry forgettin' Jim.

* * * * *

Meself began the night ye went
An' hasn't done it yet;
I'm nearly fit to give it up,
For where's the use to fret?—
An' the memory's fairly spoilt on me
Wid mindin' to forget.

One more poem of this volume I must take space to quote. It is called "A Song of Glenann," but Mr. Jones calls it "The Blight of Prosperity," which is sufficient commentary:

Och, when we lived in ould Glenann,
Meself could lift a song!
An' ne'er an hour by day or dark
Would I be thinkin' long.

The weary wind might take the roof,
The rain might lay the corn;
We'd up an' look for betther luck
About the morrow's morn.

But since we come away from there
An' far across the say,
I still have wrought an' still have thought
The way I'm doin' the day.

An' now we're quarely betther fixed,
In troth there's nothin' wrong:
But me an' mine by rain an' shine
We do be thinkin' long.

One of the most delightful of all books of dialect poetry is "The Habitant," written by William Henry Drummond, which portrays the life of the French-Canadian farmer in a manner so simple, direct and charming that one is reminded of Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night." The lover of simple, kindly people unharmed by the wiles of civilization cannot afford to miss this picture of the French-Canadian. Here is the way the Habitant Farmer tells of the signs of spring:

An' ole cow also, she's glad winter is over,
So she kick herself up an' start off on de race
Wit' de two-year-old heifer dat's pretty soon lef' her,
W'y ev'ryt'ings crazee all over de place.

The negro dialect is one with which we are perhaps the most familiar. It has been used by many of our poets and is what Mr. Jones calls "short hand English." Perhaps one could give no better illustration of it than Sara Pratt McLain's "Massa ob de Sheepfol'," beginning:

De Massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Looks out in de gloomerin' meadows,
Whar de long night rain begin.
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"

Or these lines from the "Death Song" by Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the poet laureate of the negro people:

Let me settle w'en mah shouldahs draps dey load,
Nigh enough to hyeah de noises in de road;
Fu' I t'ink de las' long res'
G'wine to soothe my sperrit bes'
Ef I's layin' 'mong de t'ings I's allus knowed.

In dealing with patriotic poetry, Mr. Jones eliminated the buncombe element, glorifying hills and rivers which are common to all lands; and the praise of mere physical courage, and dwelt on the poetry which has exerted a spiritual influence on the American people. Mr. Jones remembers how "Dixie" rallied doubtful states to the Confederacy with its thrilling appeal to the southern people:

To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!

and how "We Are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand Strong," actually brought the three hundred thousand men Lincoln asked for.

It would take all the space allotted to this report to go over the ground covered by these poems. Frederick L. Knowles has a little volume called "The Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics" which contains many of them, and there is a fine collection in Stedman's invaluable "American Anthology."

Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow and Lowell are *par excellance* the American lyric and ballad writers, but to prove that they have worthy successors, turn to these lines of Morris Rosenfeld, the poet of the Jewish Ghetto:

I hear the winds of autumn sigh,
They break my heart, they make me cry;
I hear the birds of lovely spring,
My hopes revive, I help them sing.
Why do I sing? Why do I cry?
It lies so deep, I know not why.

Or these from John Burroughs' "Waiting:"

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time nor space, nor deep, nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

Or these from Sill's "The Fool's Prayer:"

These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend.

Or these from "The Marshes of Glynn," by Sidney Lanier—the great poet, cut off in the midst of his greatness:

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold, I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God.

Mr. Jones closed our week's work by reading Joaquin Miller's poem "Columbus," and as we listened to the ringing, fearless lines:

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! And on!

we felt in our hearts that truly and indeed

*"The poet's lyre demands a tougher sinew than the sword."*

A. M. L.

## When the Regiment Came Back.

All the uniforms were blue, all the swords and rifles new,
When the regiment went marching down the street.
All the men were hale and strong, as they proudly moved along
Through the cheers that drowned the music of their feet.
Oh, the music of their feet, keeping time to drums that beat!
Oh, the glitter and the splendor of the sight!
As with swords and rifles new, and in uniforms of blue,
The regiment went marching to the fight!

*When the regiment came back* all the guns and swords were black,
And the uniforms had faded into gray;
*And the faces of the men who marched through that street again*
*Seemed like faces of the dead who lose their way.*
For the dead who lose their way cannot look more gaunt or gray—
Oh, the sorrow and the anguish of the sight!
Oh, the weary, lagging feet, out of step with drums that beat,
When the regiment came marching from the fight!

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

# THE HOME.

## Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Virtue is a service that a man owes to his own soul.

MON.—It is a man's privilege to die for truth,
And no one may forbid him, or deny.

TUES.—Smile on in cold disdain, ye far-off Gods
Who see me as a foam-fleck on the stream!

WED.—My heart—poor heart, it is not proof against
The racking agony it must endure,
And life itself may slip from out its hold.

THURS.—Betray me if ye must, oh brother men;
Earth, heaven, and hell, combine your might to crush,—
I still hold fast by life's inheritance!

FRI.—My soul shall triumph—give the lie
To soulless destiny that dares, forsooth,
To boast itself the master of a man.

SAT.—Though there were no heaven,
Nor any God to rule the lawless world,
Virtue were not less the binding law of life.

—*Fragments from the Ramayana.*

## The Deer's Eyes.

A Canadian hunter tells this incident of how he once came face to face with his quarry and hadn't the heart to fire: "It wasn't a case of 'buck fever,' such as a novice might experience, for I had been a hunter for many years, and had killed a good many deer. This was a particularly fine buck that I had followed for three days. A strong man can run any deer to earth in time, and at last I had my prey tired out. From the top of a hill I sighted him a few miles away. He had given up the fight, and had stretched himself out on the snow. As I stalked him, he changed his position and took shelter behind a bowlder, and, using the same bowlder for a shelter, I came suddenly face to face with him. He didn't attempt to run away, but stood there looking at me with the most piteous pair of eyes I ever saw.

"Shoot? I could have no more shot him than I could have shot a child. Had the chance come from a distance of 100 yards, I would have shot him down and carried his antlers home in triumph, but once having looked into those eyes it would have been nothing less than murder."—*Washington Post.*

## A Breaker Boy.

The sacrifice which a wife and mother will make for the welfare of those dear to her is happily one of life's common experiences. A story that comes from the coal regions of Pennsylvania illustrates not only this fact, but also another,—which it is good to keep in mind,—that wherever human needs exist there are always those who are quick to respond and relieve so soon as the needs become known.

A certain woman's husband had been sick a long time, the funds were exhausted, credit had been refused, and starvation threatened the household, in which there were three little children. The wife, unable to get work in the neighborhood, determined to seek it at the nearest coal mine, which was some miles distant.

She knew that no women were or would be employed there, but her need was such that even this knowledge did not deter her. She put on a suit of her husband's clothes, walked to the mine, and applied to the boss for work. She succeeded in getting a place among the breaker boys, and began her duties the next morning.

Day after day, dressed like a man, she did a man's work, walking back and forth between her home and the mines through the winter's cold and snow. She was compelled to endure the harsh reprimands of the

boss when her work failed to please him, and was often roughly treated by her boy companions because her reserve and feminine refinement were interpreted as a reflection upon their own manners.

One day, to tease her, one of the boys grabbed her cap from her head and threw it along to one of his companions. The sudden, sharp pull loosened her long hair, and it fell about her shoulders. The secret was out, and she was promptly discharged.

Her wages as a breaker "boy" had barely sufficed to provide the necessities of life for her home, and the future seemed dark; but neither she nor her household were permitted to endure privation long. Her story no sooner became known than sympathetic friends came forward, not only with provisions for immediate needs, but with means to make the future secure until the husband should recover his health and strength sufficiently to resume his work.—*Youths' Companion.*

## A Perfect Home.

The word home has been classified as one of the sweetest in our language. It is so because of that which it symbolizes and suggests. It includes location and condition, place and atmosphere. The condition and atmosphere are more than location or place in the making of a home. The house is not the home in the higher meaning of the term. It is the place in which the home is made. A family may move from house to house, from town to town, from state to state, and in every instance the home goes with him. They leave at each going forth the house in which the home has been, but not the home itself, for the members of the family are what create and perpetuate the home. Localities, places, houses, through long association become invested with peculiar interest to residents, occupants and inmates. Houses especially are treasured in the memory and affections because of the important occurrences and experiences in individual and family life of which they have been the scene.

While, then, the house affords a place for the home, it is not the home itself. Persons are essential to the home. And to the true home something more than personal occupancy of the house is necessary. There must be mutual love, sympathy, confidence and service. Where these qualities are active in the family circle there is the home in its highest manifestations. There will be activity, interest, peace, happiness. These will exist whether the house be a humble cottage or a princely mansion, and without them the peaceful and happy home cannot be in either cottage or mansion. Therefore the real, the genuine home, the home where love and trust and helpfulness abide, is constituted vastly more by the dispositions and characters of the members than by the dwelling which shelters them. True, the surroundings may be made to minister to the interest and enjoyment of the inmates, and in every happy home the material or outward things are thus made to serve; and if the home is blessed with untainted wealth, as many homes are, then the surroundings, within and without the dwellings, may be made doubly serviceable as teachers and ministers of the beautiful and the good in nature and art and life.

Home is where the heart is, where the affections are active. The highest type of home on earth is one in which the home relations are uplifted by a living faith in the Father over all and in the ceaseless life of the spirit. This faith energizes the mind, quickens the affections, broadens the sympathies, moves the heart to loving ministries to kindred and to fellowmen, makes the home heavenly and demonstrates how the world is to become so.—*Rev. J. S. Cantwell.*


# UNITY

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# THE FIELD.

*"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."*

## Tower Hill Notes.

TEACHERS' SUNDAY.

Sunday, July 28, was the day set apart by the program committee for the consideration of the special needs of the teacher. "The Spiritual and Intellectual Inspiration of the Teacher" was the subject of the day. The large company that almost filled the pavilion attested to the almost universal interest in all that touches the lives of those to whom is entrusted the guidance of the child, whether it be in schoolroom, in home or in the field. Nature had been most kind to us and the day was itself an inspiration to higher thoughts. The cool, refreshing rains of the previous night seemed to have wakened all the woodland voices into a song of rejoicing that made one forget the parching heat of the past few days. And as our eyes wandered over the changed aspect of tree and shrub on the hillside, it was easy to fancy that the gnarled stump that serves as a desk in our pavilion might have blossomed into its crown of oak leaves and trailing vines during the night.

In this atmosphere, where all Nature seemed "upward striving," it was most fitting that human voice should take up the strain and in song and spoken word carry forward the message.

The songs, readings and the words of the chairman, Mr. Thos. R. Lloyd Jones, superintendent of schools, Hartford, Wis., all made an essential introduction to what followed.

Miss Cordelia S. Kirkland's paper on one phase of the teacher's inspiration was of unusual interest, coming from one who spoke from the vantage ground of years of experience amid the perplexities of the schoolroom. Her graphic picture of the scene that met the eye of the traveler looking over the distant crater of that island volcano, seeing the cloud curtains parted momentarily, as if by unseen hands, to disclose the beautiful land beyond, with its setting of limitless blue ocean, aptly illustrates those brief glimpses of the ideal that come for our inspiration in rare moments. Miss Kirkland spoke briefly of the compensations of the teacher, which, it is needless to state, were not of the sordid kind, but rather in that inward joy which is born of the knowledge that "being educated" is not "preparing for life," but actually *living* it. More than that, it is in the consciousness that he is giving more than he is receiving; that history, science, literature, art, all are but instruments in his hands for the fitting of those who are later to be the leaders of the world's thought for their high mission.

The second speaker, Mr. Carl Hill, of Spring Green, in a very able paper on "The Spirit of Modern Education" traced the development of educational ideas from the time when the individual was merged in the tribe to these later days when, through the study of child development, educators hope to find the true method of education.

The closing feature of the morning was a most interesting talk on "The Inspiration of the Univsrsity Professor," by Prof. Smith, of the University of Wisconsin. These glimpses of the sources of inspiration in a busy college man's life were full of helpful suggestion. He emphasized the need of daily communion with the greatest books, if the teacher would do his best work in the schoolroom. Prof. Smith held that the first essential of success was to know your subject *thoroughly;* the second, to have bright pupils. In watching the growth of the responsive pupil comes the teacher's greatest inspiration in the work.

After the dinner hour, which is always a time of social as

well as physical renewal, all assembled again at the pavilion to listen to the further discussion of the morning subject.

Miss Ellen Lloyd Jones, of the Hillside Home School, gave a most thoughtful and suggestive talk on the work of the teacher, its peculiar problems and its duties. This was followed by an address by Dr. O. G. Libby, of the University of Wisconsin, who was also president of the afternoon session. As Miss Jones' paper, as well as that of Dr. Libby, is given to the readers of UNITY in this issue, we will not attempt what could be but a brief summary in this short article.

After the closing song those who live in the valley left us, but we who remain at Tower Hill can never feel that the Sabbath day has yielded all of its blessings until we have gathered around our leader in the pavilion and, as the lengthening shadows fall, listen to the message that he brings us perhaps from some far-off inspired poet, perhaps from some gifted story-writer. As we listen to that strong, tender voice telling the story of "Marpessa," as given by Stephen Phillips, and then, in the solemn hush, to that kindly parting benediction from him who has learned, through a life spent in close, warm touch with his fellowmen, all the needs of these human hearts of ours, we can but feel "This has been a well spent day." E. M. B.

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HELENA, MONT.—Rev. Leslie W. Sprague carried money enough back with him from the east to warrant his launching out on a church-building project. He expects to dedicate a $12,000 church, out of debt, in December.

IN MEMORIAM.—*The Editor of Unity:* It will interest you and readers of UNITY to know that on Wednesday, July 17, Dr. Charles Mohr, the well known botanist and leading authority on the forests of the southern states, passed away after a very painful illness of nearly three weeks. He was born in Stuttgart, Germany, in 1824, came to America in 1849, and after trying his fortune in the gold fields of California settled down as a practicing pharmacist in Louisville, Ky. Seeking a warmer climate, he removed to Mobile, Ala., where he lived until March, 1900, when he sought the mountains of North Carolina. His fame as a botanist was established during many years of arduous toil as a struggling pharmacist, his many collections and accurate observations having been made in the little leisure his profession allowed him. In 1880, under the direction of Prof. C. S. Sargent, he explored the forests of the Gulf states and collected a vast amount of material for the tenth census reports. In 1887 he became connected with the forestry division of the Department of Agriculture, for which he prepared an elaborate report which appeared as a bulletin entitled "The Timber Pines of the South," a work of great authority. His greatest work is yet to appear, being now in press, namely, "The Plant Life of Alabama," which was begun by direction of the geological survey of Alabama, is soon to be published by the division of botany, Department of Agriculture. His contributions to pharmacy were many and valuable and in 1890 he was made a member of the committee of the seventh decennial revision of the United States Pharmacopœia. At the time of his death he had just completed correcting the proofs of "The Plant Life of Alabama" and was still engaged in active work for the Bureau of Forestry. But the beauty of Charles Mohr's life lay in his character and in his intercourse with his fellowmen. To him the universe and all therein were one and his love for all forms of life was boundless. He was long a subscriber to and an ardent supporter of UNITY. Faithfully yours,

HERMAN B. MOHR.

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## Correspondence.

OUR DUTY.—In the Literary Digest of July 20 an estimate of the late Joseph Cook is quoted as follows from *The Advance* (Congregational): "He leaves a place in the world of religion and reform that no other man of the present time can fill." It may be inferred that the critic of Mr. Cook did not refer to his address at the Parliament of Religions at Chicago when he challenged the faiths of the world to wash Lady Macbeth's red right hand. His restatement of the mossback traditionalism disgusted the audience or that portion who are out of the swamp. The Editor of UNITY in an able editorial demolished the false rubbish of Cook, properly terming it as "tampering with the bookkeeping of God." Not only is the dogma of the atonement subversive of morals, but contrary to the cult of the faith which Mr. Cook pretended to represent. "Every man is to be judged according to deeds done." The address of Prof. Drummond referred to a certain author who said that the average scientific man worships a more awful and, as it were, a greater Deity than the average Christian. That the teachings of such men as Mr. Cook are pernicious is evident to all well informed and unprejudiced theologians. They brought a stain on American scholarship. It was said that the theology of the Cook stripe made many of his audience ashamed. It is to be hoped that the pamphlet of Jenkin Lloyd Jones on Mr. Cook's theology can be circulated, thus to cure the false and mischievous declarations of that wrong-headed preacher. QUAKER.

A NEW CENTURY PASTORAL REUNION.—There has just come to hand a handsome quarto pamphlet bearing on its cover the seal of Geneva with its ever significant motto, *Post tenebras lux.* Within is a careful report of the "Solemn meeting called by the Pastors' Association of the National Protestant Church of Geneva on the occasion of the opening of the XXth century." The keynote of this meeting, as struck in the letter of invitation issued by the pastors and in the opening address of the moderator, has a ring so characteristic of the new century and so welcome over here that both are worthy of quotation *in extenso.*

The invitation reads in substance as follows:

Dear Friend and Brother: A new century is about to begin. What will it bring to us? What harvests will it see ripen in the field of God's kingdom where we, ministers of the gospel, are called to sow the seed?

On the threshold of this new era, in this hour of universal emotion and self-examination before God, the Pastors' Association invites all the Protestant clergy who exercise their ministry in reformed Geneva to spend some moments together in meditation and in prayer.

Let us come together unreservedly, moved by our common emotions of humility and faith, to say to our Father in Heaven: "Thy kingdom come! and to exhort one another to fidelity, to zeal, to renunciation and to fraternal love.

The meeting for edification to which we invite you will be held Friday, January 4, at 9 in the morning, in the room of the Pastors' Association, Place de la Taconnerie. A second summons will remind you of it a few days in advance.

In the hope that you will feel moved to join in this reunion, and with assurances of our brotherly regard,

A. ROEHRICH, Secretary.
D. DELETRA, Moderator.

In response to this invitation seventy-eight clergymen and about fifty theological students assembled at the given time and place. Few of those invited were absent, and of these the greater number had excused themselves by letter either on account of illness or temporary absence from the city. The souvenir pamphlet before us gives the welcoming address by the moderator in full, the remarks of the other speakers in abstract, with a list of all those invited and a note showing those who were absent. This list includes representatives of foreign churches: Italian Evangelical, Italian Methodist, German Evangelical, American Episcopal, Anglican, German Lutheran, as well as missionaries to India, Madagascar, pastors of the Free or independent churches, those of the National church, both orthodox and liberal, etc. A truly representative gathering.

The moderator took as his text Malachi III., 16: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it." Evidently the speaker might not inappropriately have completed the verse, for here is the "book of remembrance." He spoke in part as follows:

To all of you, gentlemen, our dear and honored brothers, the Pastors' Association addresses as its first word a cordial, Christian welcome.

The day, the hour, the very place even, where we are assembled are not without significance in the history of the Church of Geneva. Since the days of the Reformation the pastors of this church have not ceased to meet each Friday morning at 9 o'clock, and it was in this same building, if not in the room where we now find ourselves, that Calvin presided over their assemblies. The venerable and illustrious theologians whose portraits surround us have, in their day, sat with their brothers in these weekly gatherings.

This long past of our church leads us to say, with the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

To those among you, gentlemen, who belong to other ecclesiastical denominations than ourselves, who have not attached yourselves to the National Protestant Church of Geneva, I desire to extend in behalf of the Pastors' Association a greeting all the more cordial and fraternal because the occasions of offering it to you are rare.

Perchance some one among you has been smilingly saying to himself, as did a certain historic personage: "To me the most surprising thing about this company is to find myself in it."

Be assured, gentlemen, that we do not in the least dream of drawing from your presence the conclusion that you would in that way renounce any one of the dogmatic or ecclesiastical principles in the name of which you have organized yourselves into religious communities distinct from our own. We are here, on the contrary, to exhort one another to be in everything more closely obedient to conscience, more faithful to our principles, more consistent with ourselves, farther removed from fallacious compromises; that is to exhort each other—strange and sad almost as it may sound—to remain apart in the ecclesiastical domain if such seems to us our duty.

But can any one be found among us to claim that this fidelity to principle should be carried to the point of hindering us from praying together, from mutual edification, and from

confessing together our faith in God, our Father, in Jesus Christ, our Saviour, and in the efficient power of the spirit of God for the salvation of men and of ourselves?

In the face of modern paganism and of Roman Catholicism we are, at bottom, much more united than divided. The pretended unity of Catholicism and the confessed fragmentary condition of Protestantism, have this characteristic in common, that both are far more superficial and specious than profound and real. In a word, we affirm that the *membra disjecta* of Protestantism have notoriously more spiritual unity than there is in Roman oneness.

Several of our brothers will show forth today the richness of the treasure of faith and of life which is common to all the reformed. I wish simply, before entering to them this grateful task, to note two points in particular which draw about us substantial and beneficent ties.

The first is this: On the threshold of the century just opening we have all one common attitude of faith and hope.

Many thinkers regard the future with dismay. The century seems to them big with menace. To them everything seems to be going, not from good to better, but from bad to worse. Wars, social revolution, overturnings, anarchy, the triumph of might over right! Others, less pessimistic perhaps, but scarcely more rich in hope, claim that humanity, deprived of all liberty, incapable of any progress, is bound in the inevitable and vicious circle of an eternal evolution. They believe that what shall be is wholly contained in that which is, as that which is was in that which had been, and that nothing can become either better or worse.

We, Christians, face the future, the century just beginning, with a look not unlike that of the prophets of old. We contemplate this approaching century, not by the light of fitful flashes of an aurora borealis, brightness without warmth and without a morrow, but in the growing splendor of a luminous dawn. We unite in believing that the sun will rise, that the Eternal reigns, that His kingdom is coming little by little, and we exhort one another to be workers toward that end. In this rare attitude of faith and hope we have one common tie.

In the second place, there seems to me to be disclosing itself at the present time a converging evolution in our manner of conceiving the aim of the evangelical ministry and of religious work in general.

In two words, yesterday we preached chiefly faith; today, seeking to embrace more completely the human being in his entirety, we preach essentially life. We are disciples of those modern thinkers who, between reason, feeling, and will, would choose htis latter as center of the human personality.

We would comprehend better, that is to say, with a broader sweep, the function and the very nature of conscience. It is no longer for us merely knowledge of self, or the simple touchstone of good and evil. We recognize it as the religious organ *par excellence*, the fundamental point in us of union with God. Our great underlying desire is to make conscience sovereign guide of the will, or, in other words, of the life.

After long insistence on faith which should produce works, or life, we see today, better than in the past, the main role of works, or life, in the conservation of faith, in its growth or it may be, alas, in its partial or total eclipse.

Sensitive to the reproach made against us that as an anodyne for the sufferings of the people, we inject into their souls the hope of celestial happiness, we realize that it is happiness here and now that we should seek to create; that the bread of life needs to be eaten fresh; that the present life is more urgent than the life to come; that we must work while it is day; and that tomorrow will take care of the things of itself.

Witnesses and apostles of Christ, who healed the moral and the material ills of this world, we regard our people and, seeing them struggling with the most difficult, the most urgent and the deadliest of undertakings, that of living, we feel called to go to them, to make ourselves promoters of life in their midst.

If such be our aim, behold how the criterion of our dogmatic and ecclesiological conceptions changes. From theoretical it becomes experimental, and this evolution is strikingly parallel with that of the contemporary scientific method. Far from us are the famous disputes of theologians, fought out by blows of argument and quotation! Should we attempt to revive them today, our people would rightly be indifferent or at best only come for the malicious pleasure of counting the blows.

Today the test is production of life, vivifying power. To every dogmatic system, to every ecclesiastical organization not productive of life, decline and death. It is a question of health or of spiritual decay.

But what is especially striking in this evolution is that, while dogmatic formulas are necessarily and irremediably diverse, and causes of division among Christians—and the same must be said of ecclesiastical systems—on the other hand, the Christian life is one and a source of union. There are not two ideals of the Christian life, there is but one, and the diversities in this domain are only ones of degree, of more or less.

For us, gentlemen, the definition of the churches of the future—I would fain dare to say of the church of the future—will be: Association of all those who wish to live the Christ-like life. This church, will it not be par excellence the body of Christ? And its confession of faith will consist of three words: Life in Christ. Is not that the ultimate synthesis of faith and works? M. E. H.

## It Cometh Calm.

To wait and watch and work,
Or from no duty shirk—
A simple creed;
And yet so hard to hold
Amid Life's struggles cold,
Where the hearts bleed,
And all the wrenching strife,
With toil and sorrow rife,
Harsh in one's soul doth breed
Such bitterness to feed
A gnawing discontent—
Life's bleakfaced Malcontent!

Yet it is well to wait;
It is better that the fate
Which cometh quick—
Kismet—Love's mocking mate,
That mingles joy and hate,
Shall ceaseless prick,
Than that we shall stagnate,
Or miss a single date
That Time may nick.
Adown the broken steps
That lead us to the depths
Where the silent sleep
Of death enfolds us,
And no more we weep,
Or so aimless curse.
Aye! waiting for the Light—
Watch as we may the night—
Steadfast work in sad might,
There is always Death
To meet us smiling,
Agony beguiling,
Till, cloudless, bereft
Of all the pain,
We've oft again
Fate, like a cruel knife,
Piercing the heart of life—
Sweet death that cometh calm,
A-sooth like singing palm.

—*Richard J. Hinton, Washington, D. C...*


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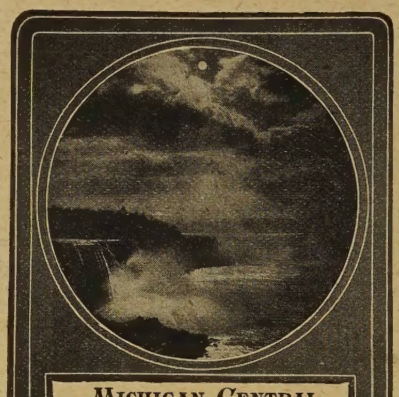
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